A COPY OF VERSES,

Presented To all my Loving

MASTERS and MISTRISSES,

In the Town of *LAMBETH.*

By THOMAS OULDMAN, Bel-man

For that Part of the Parish.

The PROLOGUE.

My Masters all, these lines I do present
In hopes that they will give you all content
But if I fail in what I do intend,
Next Year i'le strive my Verses to amend.

But if these lines from you acceptance find,
'Twill be great satisfaction to my mind;
And to you all I hearty thanks will give,
Remaining your poor Servant while I live.

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For Christmas *Day.*

THe Angels to the Shepherds tydings brings,
In *Bethlehem* was born the King of Kings:
Shall earthly Monarchs birth-days be esteemd
And shall not this, who all the world redeemd
He who descended from his Heavenly Throne
To save both thee and I and every one.

For Innocents *Day.*

NO sooner born, but in his infantsie
By cruel *Herod* he is doom'd to dye;
And (lest his bloody hand should miss the right)
Slew all the Babes in *Bethlehem* in one night;
Through all the world no City can present
So many Martyrs, and so innocent.

LOrd, turn to us thy countenance of Grace,
And with thy Mercy in this our Tryals place
Vouchsafe to shadow us, and lay not to
ar charge the sins which we do daily do.

On the Day of Judgment.

GRieve not because the Kingdome is at hand,
It's said the Righteous before the Lord shall stand.
Upon thy promise (Lord) we do depend,
Then teach us for to make an happy end.

On Justice.

JUstice gives to every one their due and right,
Judging according unto reasons right;
Censuring none wilfully on no condition
Without the Lawful Warfant of Commission.

At any Time.

THe great Creator having made mankind,
Made him acquainted with his will and mind;
Which was to worship, serve him, and obey,
And meditate his Laws both night and day:
Prepare thy self to act what he expects,
He'l call thee to account for thy neglects.

For Christmas Eve.

HEre is old doings Neighbors, such a slaughter
Would make a body wonder whats the matter
The butchers hew their Bullocks out in bits,
Heating of Ovens, cleaning of pots and spits;
The Poulterers as busie as the rest,
With Turkies, Geese, and Capon for the Feast:
Feast did I say; and now 'tis in my mind,
Pray leave a Bone to pick when you have din'd.

On St. Pauls day

IF we believe the Almanacks Assertion,
This was the very day of *Pauls* Conversion;
He to the Gentiles afterwards was sent
To preach the Gospel, teaching to repent.

On St. Matthias *Day.*

HOly *Matthias* maketh up the twelfth,
Chosen in *Judas* room, who hang'd himself,
Whose Virtuous Piety, and goodness rare,
Though last in number, with the foremost were.

The Fifth of November.

TRaitors conspir'd and Treason did invent
To ruine Kingdome King and Parliament;
But God in mercy did prevent the same,
Then let us praise and magnifie his name.

On a blustering Rainy night.

HArk how it blows and Rains, 'tis dirty weather,
Therefore be rul'd by me, lye close together;
Were I as you are now between the sheets,
I would not rise to walk about the streets.

In Long nights.

I Walk abroad at nights and ring my Bell
To give you notice (Masters) all is well;
Though with the noise some people I offend,
Yet others still my care they will commend:
I hope you'l all excuse me for the wrong,
You may have sleep enough the nights are long.

On King Charles *the I. Martyrdom*

HOw, how can *Brittains* Loyal subjects sleep?
Have you not cause to mourn, lament and weep
For *Brittains* loss? this was the fatal day
When Rebels took their Princes life away;
He was both *Charles* the great, and *Charles* the good,
He seal'd his Princely Virtues with his blood.

OMan that art oppress with sad despair,
Strive for to get the strongest Art of Prayer,
Then pray with fervent faith and not with ceasing,
Restless as *Iacob* did until you get a Blessing.

UNfit for action are short days and cold,
Rest and warm Diet please the Souldier bold;
The States-mans care no season doth neglect
Neither night nor day his designs to effect.
Heavens bless his Projects whose ends are just
And Vengeance blast him that betrays his trust.

SO to conclude, and for to make an end
I hope that God will these bad times amend;
Lord grant that we may see that happy day,
That we the Gospel sweetly may enjoy;
God bless our King and Queen and all the Land
And keep us safe out of our Enemies hands.

The EPILOGUE.

Now noble Masters, ere I do conclude,
Your Servant will express his gratitude;
To serve my Masters both by day and night
Your poor obedient Servant takes delight;

He knowing that he shall requited be,
He doubts not of the generosity
Which you have always strib'd to make appear;
And so God send you many a happy year.

LONDON: Printed by H. Brugis in Green Arbor Little old Bayly. 1685.